

# Laſt WILL and TESTAMENT OF A JACOBITE.

7. July. 1692.

**T**IR'D out with Hopes, with fruitless Wiſhes cloy'd  
Of what's impoſſible to be enjoy'd;  
Sickneſs my Body ſeizes; and each hour  
Death waits my lingring Carcaſs to devour.

Greif is the Cauſe of all; it frets my Soul  
To ſee our Plots ſo ſenceleſs and ſo dull,  
To think, that Men, who take ſuch mighty Pains,  
Should have their Heads ſtuff'd with unthinking Brains,  
That Fleets and Armies, which deſign'd to Come,  
To root out *Heresy*, and bring in *Rome*;  
Reſtore King *James*, and his Imperious *Dame*  
With the *Welch Prince*, that Puny Son of Fame;  
By Heavens Decree alone are Baffled, Croſt,  
And *Tourville* our beſt Ships and Men has loſt,  
While *Ruffel* rides, as Bulwark of our Coaſt.

Mourn, Mourn, Ye *Jacobites*, our loſt Eſtate,  
Each day, each hour, miſfortunes do's Create;  
The Name of *Jacobite*, now grows abhor'd,  
And *James* deſpis'd, that once was ſo ador'd;  
Whoſe Spouſe repines, that ſhe ſhall ne'r Return,  
To ſee in *Smith-feild* flames new Martyr's Burn.

But ah! my Ebbing Sand is almoſt ſpent,  
'Tis time, that I ſhould make my Settlement.

*Imprimis*, to my dear King *James*, I Give  
My Loyalty, to whom till Death I Cleave,  
To whoſe dear Intereſt firm, I always Stood  
Plotted, Caball'd, as much as e're I Cou'd;  
Yet, ne'r could reinſtate him in his Throne,  
The *Willamites* ſo powerful are Grown.

To his dear Son, I give my whole Eſtate,  
And ſuch a Gift, may never come to late;  
For if he lives hee'l Jump ( ſuch are my fears )  
To Croud into the Band of Pentioners.

To *Lewis*, who Combines with *Turk* and *Divel*,  
To Plague all Chriſtendom, I muſt be Civil;  
His love muſt not be to my *James* forgot,  
Beſides, he was aſſiſting in our Plot.

To him my honesty I do bequeath,  
'Tis well if he'l but Prove so at his Death.

*Tourville*, shall have my Conduct and my Wit,  
To manage, if he can, another Fleet;  
But, oh! his darling *Sun* so deep is set,  
No loss could be more fatal, and more Great.

To *Numskul Peters*, I resign my Brains,  
Who to undoe his King, took so much Pains,  
And *Jebu* like brought on so fast his Dance,  
That in a Whirlwind hurried him to France.

Let the dispensing Judges take my Tongue,  
To them alone that Talent does belong,  
Who when they should do right, did always wrong. }  
Invert the Laws for Arbitrary Power,  
And over-rule what was true Law before.

Suspended *Ely*, shall have my Religion,  
Who from a *Magpie* turns a down right *Wigeon*,  
For since that Prelate left us in the Lurch,  
To tell the Truth, I ne're have been at Church.

Me thinks my Hands would Canting *Penn* become,  
Who under mask of *Quaker* writes for *Rome*;  
And strove to abolish *Penal Laws* and *Test*,  
As if those things were nothing but a Jest.

To *Pulton* and the *Jesuitick* Crew,  
To Kingdoms fatal, and their Precepts True,  
Daily for Converts to their Chruch they strove;  
But Baffled by the Almighty Power above:  
All the *Throats* joyn'd together in the Nation,  
Could never swallow Transubstantiation.  
My knife their darling Weapon, I dispose  
To end, that Race of *Europe's* Bloody foes.

The *French* may take my Legs, that they may run,  
As the ingenious *Teague-Landers* have done.

But now Death summons, and I must away,  
My Glass is run, and I can only say,  
Forbear against King *William* to Rebel,  
Ye're all in the wrong Box, and so farewell.

*Exit.*

E P I T A P H.

**U**Nder this Tombstone, lies a Jacobite,  
A discontented, factious, railing Wight,  
Mistaken Zeal, led the fond Fool along,  
Lo! Here he lies Interr'd, with Gabriel John.